

Good Morning 638

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

West Country Notes

FIFTY-SIX destitute sailors launching! Can any port in (some of them ex-Royal Navy men) sought shelter last year at the Bristol Sailors' Home in Queen Square. A sad commentary in the year 1945; though of course they were the product of the bad old days when the inevitable lot of a great many sailors was to spend the evening of their days in some charitable institution, devoid of comfort and warmth.

Shipowners and the public to-day have a better understanding of what is required. When next a sailor who is homeless visits the Home in Queen Square he will find that the old eyesore has been transformed.

A comfortably furnished lounge has been added where Jack might dream of luxury like the lotus eaters in the fairy tale, with a hot shower and a game of billiards when he wakes up. The secretary says that the Home will welcome all who need a meal and a nap.

FORGOTTEN FOUNDERS.

THE annual report of the Home, which has just been issued, gives a list of the original life members of the institution (founded in 1851); and what visions the names conjure up! Peter Maize, William Miles, M.P., Stuckey's Banking Company. Who remembers them; yet they counted for a lot in their day, and contributed much to the history of Bristol and the West Country.

William Miles built an enormous mansion on the outskirts of the city, where his son often entertained the late King Edward VII, who spent many gay week-ends there.

Stuckey's Bank has now been absorbed into one of the Big Five, but its early history, if ever it comes to be told, would throw much light on the fortunes of Bristol men who have made their mark.

The Stuckeys were natives of Langport, Somerset, where the family mansion is now used as a convent. The bank really had its early beginnings through the thrift of an old woman, the late Captain Vincent Stuckey's grandmother, who started the business long before the firm used any vaults to keep its clients' wealth.

GOOD SHIP "JOHN."

A STEAMSHIP that in four years time would have celebrated the centenary of its

launching! Can any port in England beat that record? Yet that would have been the proud boast of the Bristol steamship "John," owned by Messrs. A. J. Smith and Co., of Queen Square, which for nearly a hundred years has been a familiar sight up and down the Bristol Channel, principally in the upper navigable reaches of the Severn towards Lydney and Chepstow.

Well, the good ship "John" ran ashore on the Grubby Rocks in the Severn off Sudbrook, and so far all attempts to move her have failed, and seem likely to fail, for she is at the mercy of the spring tides and the treacherous channels of the fickle Severn, and every sailor knows what that means.

Why the stout little grey ship was named "John," no-one seems to know, and of course no-one remembers, but she was launched at Neath Abbey in 1849, and for many years carried cargoes of coal from the Welsh coast to Bristol, though she had latterly traded principally between Lydney and the Avon, where she was as familiar as the gulls, and more familiar than the Suspension Bridge at Clifton, which was not built when she made her first trips up the Gorge.

She was well-known, too, at Minehead, Bridgwater and other small Somerset harbours. Now she lies a patched and weather-beaten hulk, a disappearing memorial to the good name of the shipbuilders of a bygone age.

LUSH, OF THE C.I.D.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRY LUSH, chief of the Bristol C.I.D., one of the most familiar figures to frequenters of the local Police Court, is back in harness again after a serious illness.

Not that he is more familiar to sailors than any other class of citizen, of course; yet the fact is interesting, because Superintendent Lush probably knows more about the seamy-side of Bristol's seamen than most men, and if he ever writes his memoirs, the old shell-backs are sure to furnish some piquant tales.

The present war has afforded him not a few adventures, and has given him some ticklish problems to solve. Which is perhaps only to be expected in a seaport in war-time.

GLOUCESTER



Even before the war, Gloucester men were to be found in all parts of the world. For Gloucester is a port, and seamen from its homes have for centuries sailed down the Severn, out into Bridgewater Bay, and so to the wide oceans and narrow seas. In the quiet watches they must have turned in thought to the English beauty of their Home Town and dreamt of their homecoming, writes **D. N. K. BAGNALL.**

WHEN I first came to Gloucester, twenty years ago, they told me they were full up at the first big hotel I tried, and at the next—The Ram, I think it was—they put me among the stars. At least, it was the highest and smallest room in the place.

But I do not complain. I had just completed a motor cycle ride of over a hundred miles, much of it in rain, and I was covered with mud.

I did not again have need to stay in the city, though I passed through it by train or car on several occasions, until 1943. Then they had no room for me at all. I was clean, this time, but every hotel was crammed.

I eventually landed up at a very good inn called the Waggon and Horses, on the Brooksworth Road.

But when I reached Gloucester a few weeks ago, they did me proud.

The city was just as crowded, but maybe by a stroke of luck I got a pleasant room in the most comfortable of hotels, and the food was as good as you get anywhere these days.

I have always liked Gloucester. It is one of the most attractive of the county capitals of England. And I am glad that it has at last redeemed its reputation for hospitality, so far as I, myself, am concerned.

The war brought busyness and business to the city. To get from one side of Northgate Street to the other is almost as bad as crossing a London street. There is always a stream of cars, buses, cycles, and an occasional farmer's wagon or one of those smart little pony and trap turnouts that have returned to some small extent in our county towns as a solution of the petrol rationing.

Even the shops, bright and interesting, are more full of customers than at any time I remember. But maybe oranges had arrived in the city when I was there.

PUTTING IT 'MILD'LY!

Here's an example of masterly understatement on an inn sign at the village of Earl Sterndale, near Buxton, in the Peak District. Quiet!—we'll say she's quiet! This quaint sign of a headless woman in Tudor costume is supposed to date back to the days of the first landlord—some time in the 16th Century. Rumour has it that he was cursed with a nagging wife, and chose this form of revenge.

Factories on the outskirts, working at full pressure, have brought new prosperity to Gloucester—and a bigger population, and the low buses run from the centre to the places round about crammed night and morning with girls and men—mostly girls—on their way to work or on their way back home.

But with all this air of activity, you have only to turn from the thronged main street into Westgate Street, and pass through that side way that leads to the Cathedral to come on as quaint, quiet, and lovely a part of England as you will find anywhere.

Gloucester Cathedral does not overawe the city, as many cathedrals do, yet it lies so near at hand that you almost feel its presence.

No Gloucester man can forget the calm dignity of that magnificent building and its grounds, or the majesty and grace of its 230 foot tower. No man who has walked through its restful cloisters or looked up at the marvellous fan-tracery of its high roof, but must take the picture of it in his mind wherever he goes—and Gloucester men, even before the war, were to be found in all parts of the world.

For Gloucester is a port, and seamen from its homes have for centuries sailed down the Severn, out into Bridgewater Bay, and so to the wide oceans and narrow seas.

It is an interesting part of the city, the dock quarter, though modern steam vessels have deposed the splendid sight of the home-coming of the white-winged cargo-carriers of other days.

The docks area is one of the oldest parts of the city.

Nearby you will find several ancient buildings visited by many strangers to Gloucester, but probably because of their very closeness to hand, unexplored by its own citizens.

It is an interesting quarter—I wish I could say the same of the first impression of Gloucester gained by the railway passenger.

There is nothing to attract the visitor at the moment of his arrival, unless it happens to be a market day. Then, indeed, he will find some pleasure in watching the sale of sheep and cattle in the pens of the market ground opposite the G.W.R. station, where astute and sturdy farmers cast a knowing eye over the beasts and make their choice.

He will be watching a scene that has been part of Gloucester's life for many hundreds of years.

But at other times, that bare tract at the station is a dismal introduction to a city full of interest and pleasant things.

A visitor to Gloucester over a hundred years ago described it as "a fine, clean, beautiful place; and, which is vastly more important, the labourers' dwellings looked good and the labourers themselves pretty well as to dress and healthiness."

Well, that is true to-day. Gloucester was smaller, less industrial, then. But you will still note, as you walk its streets, how tidy and neat they are, and there is no doubt about the haleness of its citizens.

The same traveller, standing on Burlip Hill writes "You look down into a sort of dish with a flat bottom and the City of Gloucester, which you plainly see, appears to be not far from the centre of the dish. All is fine: fine farms, fine pastures; all inclosed fields; all divided by hedges; orchards a plenty." Burlip Hill is changed a little, but from it Gloucester men and the people of the villages of the Vale of Gloucester, may still enjoy a glorious vista, and looking far, may see the Morvan Hills of Wales.

In other times, Gloucester was famous for its lampreys, which were considered a great delicacy.

They fetched such extravagant prices when they first came into season that King John had to issue an order forbidding the sheriffs of the city to sell them for more than two shillings apiece—a considerable sum at that time.

King Edward the Third paid as much as £12 5s. for forty-four lampreys caught by Gloucester men in the Severn. And it was the custom for many years to present the reigning king with a lamprey pie at Christmas. This set the Gloucester citizens back a bit, for at that time of year lampreys cost as much as a guinea each.

King Henry the first liked them so much that he died from eating too many.

Another industry which Gloucester has lost for many generations is trade in wine. In the twelfth century, the Vale of Gloucester is said to have produced vintages equal to those of some of the best vineyards of France. But it has made up for this loss in its cider industry. It is one of the

principal cider centres of England.

You can if you have the time and the head, go from inn to inn among the city streets and find as many different types and grades of cider as you will find in any place on earth—from the dry, vinegary brew they sell at a small pub in Westgate Street, to the right-royal, lucid, amber, mellow nectar they will give you at a certain hostelry I am not going to name.

It is too much of a treasure. Heaven forbid it should ever become popular.

Gloucester has many good things. It has the New Inn: a good name for a place which is so old that nobody knows when it was built.

It is a name known all over the world (especially since the Americans took to making pilgrimages to it). When men talk of the inns they know, there will certainly be some-plainly see, appears to be not far from the centre of the dish. "Ah! But what of the New Inn at Gloucester?" And men will pause for a moment while they refresh their minds with the thought of that good place.

I write of the building itself. I think of its courtyard with the wooden galleries above, and the crooked passages. I do not know, neither do I care, whether it is a good place to eat or stay at. They have always been full up when I have been there.

And there are other claims to fame held by Gloucester including the Severn Bore which comes up the river at Elmore, two miles away, in March, like a lion leaping for its prey. I have never seen it, but they tell me it is an awesome sight.

THE QUIET WOMAN
MARSTON'S BURTON ALES.
ALFRED JOHN GIBBS
LICENSED RETAILER OF WINES SPIRITS
ALE PORTER & TOBACCO
TO BE CONSUMED IN OR ON THE PREMISES

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.



So write and tell us
what you really think
about
"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

WHAT A PRIZE!

and the U-Boat Captain never knew!

"CORINTHIA" picked up her skirts and, shepherded by three destroyers, beat it as fast as she could. A shuddering sigh had gone up from her crowded decks when "MEDWAY" had been hit, and boats were hoisted from their cradles, swung out at their davits and remained full of apprehensive passengers for the rest of the trip.

The remainder of the escort dashed around picking up survivors and nosing about for the U-boat; the latter without success. There were those who swore that the enemy broke surface on firing his torpedoes, but concise evidence is lacking.

It is a wonder, then, that the enemy did not appreciate the full value of his success; for he must have known, from the size of the escort, that the target was of great value. Had he known precisely what it was he would, surely, have trumpeted abroad his achievement instead of contenting himself with the modest claim that he had sunk "an auxiliary vessel of 15,000 tons" and, as casualties were phenomenally slight, the Admiralty didn't enlighten him,

but withheld the announcement of the loss of "MEDWAY" for over a year.

The weather was ideal and no difficulty was experienced in picking up survivors. So little difficulty, in fact, that some selection in so doing was possible, differentiating between the ship's company proper and the submarine flotilla personnel.

The destroyers with the former dashed off to Port Said, whilst those with the latter on board made for Haifa, where no time was to be lost in re-organising the flotilla matters so that submarines could be got out on patrol again with the minimum of delay.

At Haifa nothing was left undone by the small port estab-

lishment which could be done to ameliorate the condition of the survivors and to get submarine operations under way again. Large numbers were accommodated in a Military Transit Camp and kitted up with army uniform, and at times a Naval Officer would feel quite gratified to find his own uniform recognised and saluted by an apparent soldier, until closer inspection revealed a grinning and familiar face surmounted by a field service cap sporting a Petty Officer's cap badge.

There was much to be done, and little enough with which to do it.

There were submarines who were on patrol before the flotilla left Alexandria, and who knew nothing of the loss of their home-from-home; they had to be ordered to Haifa with circumspection, as German U-boats were actively on the prowl up and down the coast. But the most important thing of all was to get torpedoes, stores, ammunition, fuel, repair facilities and a host of other things, now at the bottom of the Mediterranean, ready for the submarines on their arrival, and to organise a proper base. To this end Captain (S.M.) 1 and his staff immediately set about plans for the processing of a shore base at Beirut, using the old French submarine facilities in the harbour area and a large cavalry barracks on a hill at the back of the town.

The growth of this, the 1st Submarine Flotilla's new home

and its subsequent magnificence, is another story, not to be dealt with here.

Meanwhile the running of the combined flotillas was left to Captain (S.M.) 10 and his staff who, having done much the same thing on previous occasions, both at Harwich and Malta, set about improvising to the best of their ability and experience. The Greek depot ship "CORINTHIA" arrived in due course and secured to the quay, so that her submarines had few problems with which

Concluding THE LOSS OF "MEDWAY"

By Cmdr. G. Tanner, O.B.E., R.N. (Ret.)

to contend; for the British submarines it was a different matter, and many and varied were their reactions on arrival to find no "MEDWAY" to provide for them, and little else.

The 10th Submarine Flotilla were not so hardly hit as their brothers, for they had already lost most of their personal possessions in Malta; but to the 1st Submarine Flotilla it was hard indeed to come back from patrol to "enjoy the blessings of the land," only to find their luxury hotel no more.

To a crew returning from patrol in a submarine, creature comforts mean much and are, in fact, a necessity; but the cruisers and destroyers, which had also made for

Haifa, rose nobly to the occasion in the supply of baths, food and all the "slops" they could spare.

Soon the personal requirements were all catered for and, with the usual adaptability of the Navy, one and all set to and, it may be suspected, found themselves rather enjoying the somewhat novel conditions. The major difficulty was to be found in supplying the material needs, and here was borne out the wisdom of dividing the supplies before leaving Alexandria.

The Torpedo Officer went off on a foraging expedition of his own devising and returned many days later with a convoy of lorries, provided

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A vakeel is a Norwegian boat, Swedish broom, Indian lawyer, Zulu witch-doctor?
2. How many Kings named Edward has England had?
3. What famous American zoologist descended three-fifths of a mile in the Atlantic Ocean in a steel sphere, and when?
4. Who wrote the music of "William Tell"?

5. Who was the first man to measure the circumference of the earth accurately and when?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why—John, Edward, Lesley, Martin, Walter, William.

Answers to Quiz in No. 637

1. South American culture.
2. Dog roses.
3. Gnu.
4. James VI.
5. A. H. Becquerel; French.
6. Vivian is sometimes a boy's name; others are always girls.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



A QUARTER of a century ago a fighting Scotsman walked into a so-called canteen in a big Staffordshire barracks. She found bare boards coated with sawdust, barrack-room tables and forms, spittoons, windows without curtains, and a rough wooden counter with a hole in the middle, into which troops dropped their coppers for purchases.

The Scotsman had come to change all this, but she knew there was a fight ahead—she was the first woman manageress in this stronghold of males.

One day, the diehards of old soldiery entered the canteen to find that the "woman's touch" had reformed it. The sawdust had gone, there were rugs on the floor and curtains at the windows, small tables and chairs had replaced barrack-room tables and forms, there were vases of flowers, and—no spittoons!

There were threatening looks, and the Scotsman knew they would "take it out of her," but she was determined to make a stand.

Curtains were torn down, vases of flowers thrown out of the window. When the Scotsman went out, banana skins and eggshells landed on the back of her neck. She refused to turn round, but went on walking, erect and unshaken. The men called a meeting to demand the return of the spittoons, but an officer made a fighting speech in defence of the Scotsman. The spittoons stayed away, the curtains and flowers returned, the men stopped throwing things at her, and her canteen became one of the first of the new-style "Naffies."

To-day, at 65, Lilian Edgar Scott, of Edinburgh, is manageress of the same Staffordshire canteen where she battled for reform twenty-five years ago.

BEELZEBUB JONES



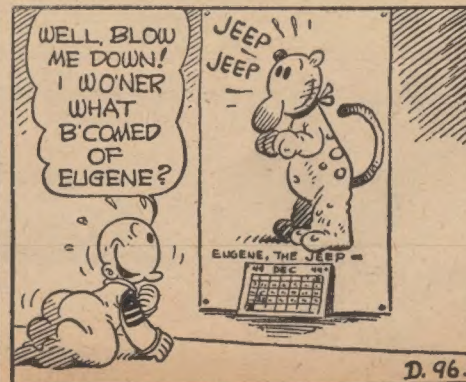
BELINDA



POPEYE



D. 96.



D. 96.

FROM a South Coast newspaper I quote the following without comment:—
"Small flat to let. Would suit naval officer and wife or married couple. Apply..."

Wangling Words No. 577

1. Beheld a device and get a whole heap.
2. Here are two common notices of which the words, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Can you disentangle them?—Het odor beke hadea felt joram ot.
3. What girl's name has B for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The old farmer — his three acres of land.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 576

1. T-rill.
2. Beware of the dog; no hawks, no circulars.
3. Caroline.
4. Dais, said.

JANE

The Loss of "MEDWAY"

(Continued from Page 2)
and escorted by the Palestine Police Force, full of torpedoes.

By some means best known only to himself, he had secured one of the only two torpedo gyro-testing tables believed then extant in the Mediterranean; a vital piece of apparatus to ensure accurate running of the torpedoes. He was hotly pursued by an infuriated Fleet Torpedo Officer, who wanted to know the why and wherefore, but that also is another story.

Repairs were another problem, there being no suitably concentrated facilities at Haifa for the thousand and one odd repairs required by every submarine on return from patrol. But herein the Commander (E) was both lucky and resourceful. He came across two mobile workshops in charge of an R.N.R. Lieut. Comdr. (E), who

had, apparently, skinned out of Tobruk whilst the going was good and, after making his way with his small caravan across the Western Desert in an easterly direction, had fetched up in Palestine; it being considered as good a place as any in the more or less general confusion.

He was soon convinced that the servicing of submarines on the spot was of vastly greater importance than standing-by for the servicing of non-existent inshore craft, his normal employment.

His two lorries were parked in one of the huge storehouses on the quay, and were soon humming with activity.

Within a fortnight, some of the submarines were ready and eager to go on patrol; and a week later still the 10th Submarine Flotilla started its journey back to Malta, once again R.N.R. Lieut. Comdr. (E), who to resume the offensive.

It is a noteworthy fact that what was undoubtedly a major and significant blow which should have resulted in the complete, if temporary, cessation of submarine activity, had no more effect than a slight lessening of that activity.

At no time between the loss of "MEDWAY" and the birth of "MEDWAY II," as the base at Beirut became, was there a complete absence of our submarines prowling effectively round Rommel's vital sea communications.

Many have been the arguments for and against a mobile submarine depot ship as opposed to an immobile shore base; but here was an example, in the untenability of the base at Malta and the sinking of the "MEDWAY," of the advantages of neither, and the disadvantages of both, which were so successfully overcome.

THE END.

ALEX CRACKS

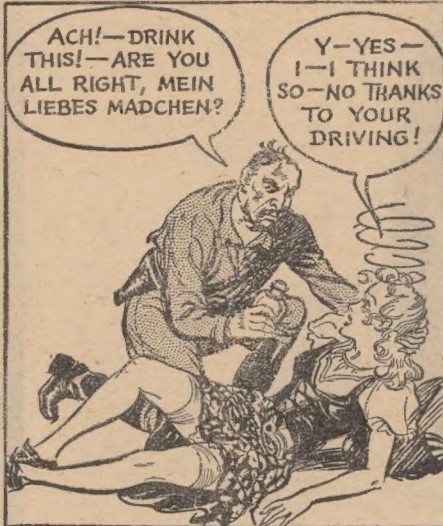
O'Brien: "An' poor Flanagan got 16 years in Sing Sing."
Murphy: "For phwat?"
O'Brien: "For hommycide," belave."
Murphy: "Oh, shure that's nothing; I thought it might be for killin' somebody."

A Chicago actress entered her lawyer's office and said, "I want a divorce."
"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings."
"What's the fee?"
"Five hundred dollars."
"Nothing doing. Why, I can have him shot for a hundred."

The young bridegroom, not much acquainted with the marriage service, was standing before the altar with his bride. The vicar, in a sonorous voice, had just got to the words, "I require and charge you both," when the bridegroom chirped in: "You needn't charge the missus, guv'nor. I'm paying for all this lot."



"Maybe! But suppose we all wanted to show our wives what sort of war work we were engaged upon?"



The Things People Do

LONGING for the time when they would be home again, some of the G.I.s discharged from the American Army have found they can't stand the racket of family life.

According to a report from the U.S.A., many of them have had to take rooms in hotels to escape from the crying of the babies and the general strain of the young father's life.

"SNAKES alive!" cried the girl receptionist—and, by golly, they were.

It happened at the London Zoo. A man from the British Honduras walked into the office and wanted to know if they would like a couple of boa-constrictors.

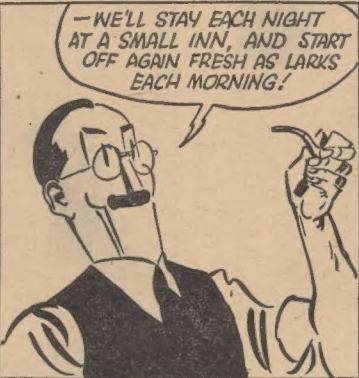
He had come over to join the R.A.F., and that wasn't the place for snakes. So he had to find a home for them.

The girl told him the Zoo would love to have them, and said they'd send for them.

"No need for that—they're here," said the snake-owner. And with that he pulled the two young boas from his overcoat pocket. Only young ones, mind you—about a yard long—for the big fellows go to 14 feet, and can kill an ox by squeezing.

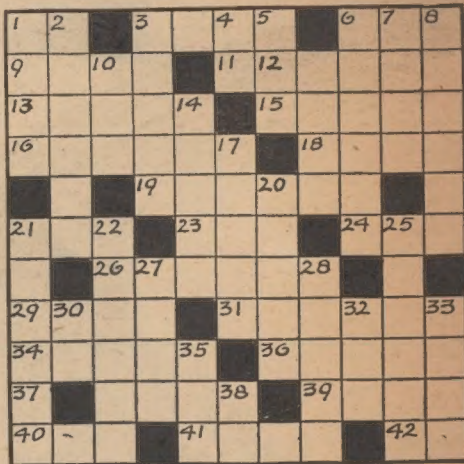
When she got over the shock, the girl sent for the reptile-house curator, who put the gift to bed behind wire.

RUGGLES



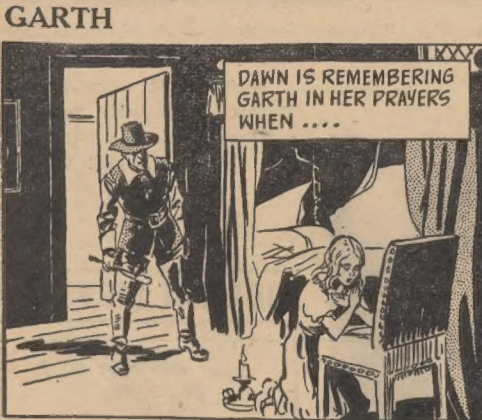
CROSS-WORD CORNER

TRUST ABIDE
HARPOONED M
EDGAR TRICE
MIEN B TORN
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GAG ORE SOS
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SLAP S OPEN
SYRIA GUISE
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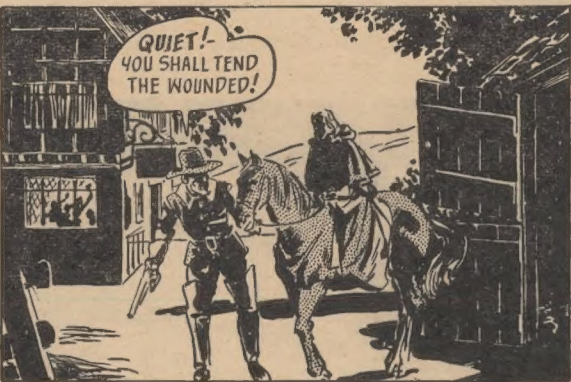


CLUES ACROSS.—1 Travel. 3 Space. 6 Encountered. 9 Constellation. 11 Flour. 13 Smell. 15 Indian language. 16 Shopkeeper. 18 Knob. 19 Noses. 21 Ocean. 23 Tin. 24 Perform. 26 Summary. 29 Land measure. 31 Mud barge. 34 Lustre. 36 Artless. 37 Top-mast. 39 Sharp. 40 Ay. 41 Remained. 42 Thoroughfare.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Effusiveness. 2 Much adorned. 3 Floating structures. 4 Be-long-ing to. 5 Dull. 6 Sensitive plant. 7 Girl's name. 8 Aptitude. 10 Perch. 12 Bombast. 14 Railing. 17 Fish. 20 Coalition. 21 Rough-haired. 22 Working garments. 25 Skilful. 27 Others. 28 Said something. 30 Hint. 32 Baked dish. 33 Tear. 35 Stitch. 38 About.



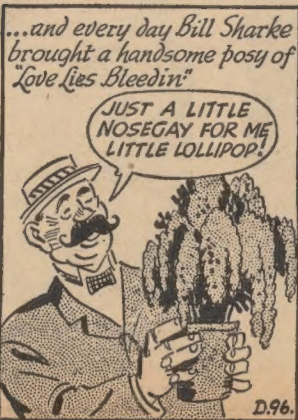
BEFORE DAWN, UNCLE AND NIECE STEAL AWAY FROM THE INN TO JOIN THE PARLIAMENTARY FORCES ...



JUST JAKE



Next day on Titus's instructions Aunt Sepia took to her bed—and stayed there for a week...



Good Morning

PETULANT POUT FROM THE PRINCESS

Virginia Mayo plays opposite Bob Hope in Goldwyn's "The Princess and the Pirate." We would say that listening to that bandit Hope practising piracy on the high C's, easily explains Virginia's pouting puss.



— And we would also say that listening to those addle-pated judges arguing who is the best baby in the Show, easily explains these tearful tantrums.



This charming Chinese fan-dancer reminds us somehow of Anna May Wong. Of course, we may be wrong, but we're going to stick around, nevertheless, just in case Anna May (Go) Wrong. Sorry!



Do you know old George? You know the boozer in the High Street? At Salisbury, we mean? In case any one named George living at Salisbury sues us for libel, let us hasten to explain that we mean the Old George Hotel, picture herewith.



When a bull terrier looks as tired out as this one, there is only one possible explanation — he's had an enjoyable fight. And only one possible caption — "Dog-tired."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"You couldn't fight your way out of a paper bag."

